

S E L E C T

K. Gesner (1811)

2

P O E M S

F R O M

M. GESNER'S PASTORALS.

By the VERSIFIER OF

A N N I N G A I T and A J U T T .

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold by *J. Newbury*, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*.

M.DCC.LXII.

(Price One Shilling.)

(This one going)

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

P R E F A C E.

THE Public having had such recent Proofs of the elegant and sentimental Turn of Mr. *Gesner's* Writings, from the Hand of the ingenious Mrs. *Collyer* in the Death of *Abel*, and from the equally admired Translation of that Gentleman's Pastorals, it will be therefore doubtless unnecessary to recommend the Subject of the following Poems, they being selected from some of

those Pastorals in which the Versifier thinks the Beauties of Nature are finely delineated. And as they wear so pleasing an Aspect in a Kind of poetic Prose (if the Expression may be allowed) She was induced to imagine their Charms would not be diminished by the Decoration of Verse. Whether She has been able to support their native Elegance and Dignity of Stile, She cannot pretend to determine, but entirely submits her Attempt to the Candor of a polished and judging Age.

THE only Merit She claims is the Choice of her Authors, as perhaps there never appeared, in *Germany* or *England*, Persons of a more refined sentimental Turn of Writing than the two Gentlemen * from whose Works She has presumed to select

* *Gesner, Johnson.*

P R E F A C E.

v

select Subjects for her Verification. This is her only Sanction. And should She be happy enough to entertain the Public (at a Time when Royal Example diffuses a Lustre over every Virtue) She will with Pride exult, that her leisure Moments have been so well employed. But should she fail of that Happiness, She will at least have this Consolation, that the Attempt however was Praise worthy.

The AUTHOR.



A N N I N G A I T

A N D

A J U T T.

Sold by J. Newbury, in St. Paul's Church-Yard;



D A P H N I S.

“ *The Storms of wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.*”

THOMPSON.

O NE Morn, when hoary Winter 'gan his Reign,
And Heecy Show'rs had whiten'd o'er the Plain,
Young *Daphnis*, musing by his chearful Fire,

Pleas'd, in his Straw-crown'd Hutt, attun'd his Lyre;

The crackling Wood with sprightly Ardor blaz'd,

5

While through his little Casement *Daphnis* gaz'd,

And thus he sang ——— ‘ Hail, *Winter*, tho' severe,

‘ Thy Charms are striking as the blooming Year.

‘ How pleasant 'tis to see the melting Ray,

‘ Smiling thro' Mists that hover o'er the Day,

10

What

‘ What charming Landscapes do the Vallies yield;
 ‘ The Snow how brilliant that adorns the Field;
 ‘ The leaf-lefs Branches and the saplefs Trees,
 ‘ Rob’d in new Beauty, sparkle as they freeze.
 ‘ Those Hedges, late array’d in flow’ry Pride
 ‘ That might for Fragrance with the Rose have vied,
 ‘ Though lost their Sweets, are yet superbly drest,
 ‘ And *Nature’s* Hand impearls their russet Vest.
 ‘ Tendrils of Corn shoot forth in verdant Blades,
 ‘ Diffusing Softness o’er the op’ning Glades.
 ‘ How gay the briery Twigs and pointed Thorn
 ‘ Crufted in glittering Frost, the Scene adorn;
 ‘ Transparent Icicles like Dew-drops run,
 ‘ Wave with the Wind and sparkle in the Sun.
 ‘ The lowing Herds no more their Pasture tread,
 ‘ Nor rove luxuriant midst the Cowslip Mead;
 ‘ The bleating Flocks no more on Knot-grafs feed,
 ‘ Nor tending Shepherd tunes his Pastoral-reed;
 ‘ But, in the litter’d Stall and close pen’d Fold
 ‘ Exulting, view afar the *Winter’s* Cold.

15

20

25

30

So

[9]

‘ So hard the Earth, that scarce a Step remains
 ‘ To speak the docile Oxens useful Pains,
 ‘ Who, from the distant Shed, laborious bear
 ‘ The hoarded Fagots of the former Year.
 ‘ Gone are the Tenants from the desert Grove,
 ‘ And flown to warmer Climes to warble Love;
 ‘ Save the lone Titmouse chaunting still her Note,
 ‘ And hardy Wren who swells her little Throat;
 ‘ The Sparrow too, still tunes domestic Song,
 ‘ And while he chirping calls, he hops along;
 ‘ My willing Hand his pressing Want supplies,
 ‘ Which thankful peck’d again he mounts the Skies;
 ‘ Nor Snow, nor Frost, prevents their tribute-Lay,
 ‘ Dost thou, O Man! such constant Homage pay?
 ‘ See where yon spreading Oak its Shelter lends,
 ‘ Where distant Smoak in tow’ring Curves ascends;
 ‘ Beneath that rustick Roof my *Phillis* dwells,
 ‘ That Maid who All our Village Maids excells;
 ‘ Even now, perhaps, her Thoughts delighted rove
 ‘ On absent *Daphnis*, and his faithful Love;
 50

B

Haply

‘ Haply her Shepherd’s Praise she deigns to sing,
 ‘ And chaunts soft Wishes for the distant Spring;
 ‘ For then our Flocks together sweetly stray,
 ‘ And social Converse gilds each lovely Day;
 ‘ Sweet is her Converse, beauteous too the Maid, 55
 ‘ Fair as the Spring in op’ning Buds array’d;
 ‘ Yet Charms more lasting my Affections bind;
 ‘ I love my *Phyllis* for her gen’rous Mind.
 ‘ Ardent I’ve lov’d her, ever since that Day
 ‘ *Alexis*’ Goats did o’er yon Mountain stray; 60
 ‘ When the young Shepherd, from the bending Rock,
 ‘ Explor’d the Cause of his diminish’d Flock;
 ‘ There his two Goats (the one was big with young)
 ‘ He murder’d views, as o’er the Cliff he hung.
 ‘ Now rising Sighs *Alexis*’ Bosom swell, 65
 ‘ And gushing Tears his honest Anguish tell;
 ‘ Filial Affection rends his tender Breast,
 ‘ While for an aged Sire he’s sore distressed.
 ‘ For oh! alas! my Father’s poor, he cried,
 ‘ Where shall I stray to get his Wants supplied; 70

“ Home can I ne’er return — Ah luckless Day,

“ Ill fated Goats — Why from me did ye stray?”

‘ Attentive *Phillis* dropt a pitying Tear,

‘ And bad him not of Providence despair.

‘ Then thus she said — “ Poor Shepherd weep no more, 75

“ Indulgent Heav’n has given me larger Store,

“ From my increasing Fold two Goats be thine,

“ One too with young, good Youth no more repine.”

‘ With Joy the grateful Shepherd wept once more,

‘ Her flowing Eyes again with Joy ran o’er; 80

‘ Whilst I enraptur’d wept, and *Phillis* prais’d,

‘ Whose sympathizing Heart th’ afflicted rais’d.

‘ O Winter ! be thou, as thou wilt, severe,

‘ This well tun’d Flute shall charm each listening Ear;

‘ *Phillis*, benignly Good, shall deck my Lay, 85

‘ Whether in Winter’s Cold or Summer’s Day;

‘ To her the truest, tenderest Notes I’ll raise,

‘ While tuneful Shepherds join in *Phillis*’ Praise.

‘ Though this keen Season kills each beauteous Flow’r,

‘ Nor winding Woodbines stray around yon Bow’r, 90

- ‘ A Chaplet for her Brow I yet can form,
 ‘ Myrtle and Ivy shall the Wreath adorn;
 ‘ And this soft warbling Bird, I’ve nurs’d so long,
 ‘ Shall grace the Present with mellifluous Song:
 ‘ Be sure, sweet Songster, to extend thy Throat,
 ‘ And charm my *Phyllis* with thy sprightliest Note;
 ‘ Then may she listen and with Joy approve,
 ‘ Notes that remind her of her *Daphnis*’ Love.

Thus ends the Shepherd’s Carol for the Day,
Alexis heard, and much approv’d the Lay. 100

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS,

In the ABSENCE OF DAPHNE.

“ Behold you breathing Prospect bids the Muse

“ *Throw All her Beauty forth. But who can paint*

“ *Like Nature?* ”

THOMPSON.

WHY loiters *Daphne* !. whither does she stray !

Thy *Damon* calls, haste *Daphne*, come away.

She comes not yet ! — impatient Heart be still —

I'll wait her coming near this murmuring Rill,

And the dull Interval of Time beguile,

In viewing Myriads chear'd by Nature's Smile.

Not you ye fwarthy Pines can please my Sight.

Nor you tall Oaks that grace the Mountain's Height.

Nor.

Nor thou full Stream, whose rapid Waters roll
Like Thunder echoing from the distant Pole.

10

But you soft babbling Brooks that gently stray,

And midst promiscuous Sweets in Eddies play;

While broad leav'd Plants your glassy Surface hide,

And Cresses float upon your circling Tide;

While vernal Flow'rs their dulcet Fragrance lend,

15

Shading your limpid Stream and clust'ring bend.

With heedful Eye here view this turfey Grove,

See how the Insect-World transported rove!

What a rich Shade of Flow'rs are here display'd,

20

And glitt'ring Grass in orient Dew array'd!

The tall Blades waving like the lofty Pine,

While little Tufts in humbler Beauty shine:

But not a Flow'r a sweeter Fragrance yields,

Than the blue Violet midst th' enamel'd Fields;

Emblem of sacred Wisdom meek she bends,

25

Diffusing Sweetness to her humble Friends;

Whilst other Flow'rs, less sweet, less lovely Fair,

With tow'ring Heads salute the ambient Air;

Yet

[15]

Yet breathing Odours rise profuse from All,
Each offers Incense at the Morning's Call. 30

Mark! sportive Swarms now hail the Sun's bright Ray,
With Wings whose Colours gild the Face of Day;
Here Beauty, Order, just Proportion, shine,
And chaunt — "The Hand that made us is Divine."
But what sweet Blossom that! which greets mine Eye. 35

With Tints of Azure and the *Tyrian* Dye!
How wanton *Zephyrs* sporting o'er it stray!
But ah! th' enchanted Flower's flown away!
A Being animate He too can boast,
For in a Butterfly the Blossom's lost! 40

See there another Insect buzzing fly,
Which feeds with Pleasure my astonish'd Eye;
His jetty Scales in polish'd Order plac'd,
And with rich scarlet Plumes his Sides are grac'd.
That Pink attractive bids him sweetly rest, 45

And hum the Passions of his little Breast;
Haply his absent Mate inspires his Notes,
Whilst his soft Musick in the *Aether* floats,

Ye gentle *Zephyrs* for a while be still,
 O! cease to flow a while thou purling Rill;
 That I may hear this Minstrel of the Grove,
 In sweetest Accents tune his Song of Love,
 Such are it's tender Sounds, that scarce the Ear
 Notes so refin'd, so delicate can hear;
 Such the Construction of it's curious Mould,
 Hardly the Eye the Fabrick can behold.

Ah whence that rustling Sound! say Flow'ry Bed!
 Each Rose, each Lily bends it's wavy Head!
 Affrighted bends! for lo! a hostile Train
 Of yellow Rovers hover o'er the Plain;
 Th' industrious Spoilers ev'ry Flow'r explore,
 And add new Fragrance to their balmy Store;
 With equal Ardor diligently stray,
 Then rapt'rous bear their honey'd Prize away.
 There, in that Trefoil Shade, expanded lies
 The late Deceiver of my dazzled Eyes;
 The enamel'd Wings seem burnish'd fresh with Gold,
 Now cautious spread, and now together fold;

Pompous indeed! the silver Tufts descend,
 And from it's little Head like Tresses bend. 70
 Gay Gaudy Fly go hover o'er that Stream,
 And mark thy Beauty in the passing Gleam;
 So wilt thou emulate the Fair, the Gay,
 Who waste at Toilets the long tedious Day;
 Yet all that Nature, Pomp, or Beauty blefs,
 Must yield to Thee in Elegance of Drefs. 75

But *Zephyr* now begins a rougher Breeze,
 And Gusts impetuous rend the quiv'ring Trees;
 Th' affrighted Insects quick a Refuge find,
 Till Nature's Brow is calm and hush'd the Wind. 80

Soft now! what Phantom rushes on my View!
 Rob'd like the Rainbow in each varied Hue?
 Hide me ye Flow'rs! 'tis *Hyacinth* the Gay!
 Trampling your Sweets he hastens on this Way.

In vain for Him luxuriant Nature spreads 85
 Her mossy Carpets, Her embroider'd Meads.

“ Insects and Plants! what odious hateful Things!

“ Sure trivial Rapture from such Sources springs!

Sol too, effulging through the dawning Morn,
Paints Scenes thy radiant Eyes behold with Scorn. 90

Such antique Pleasures polish'd Youths despise,
More striking Beauties dwell in *Harriot's* Eyes ;
To her he flies — The gay *Beau Monde* are there,
Soft well dress'd Youths, and giddy gaudy Fair. 95

Forgive, O *Hyacinth* ! my want of Taste,
I see no Beauty in a barren Waste ;

On Pleasure's Wings your Moments rapid fly,
While God and Nature quite neglected lie. 100

But O ! my lovely *Daphne* now appears,
She comes All Sweetness and dispells my Fears ;
Adieu ye Flow'rs, ye Lawns, thou purling Rill,
My *Daphne* comes, and now my Heart is still. 105

Farewell ye Tenants of the turfey Grove,
Oft shall my Steps amidst your Dwellings rove ;
Delights like these my ravish'd Soul refine,
I taste the Blessings of a Hand-Divine. 110
Here Useful, Beautiful, united prove,
Their Maker, God of Harmony and Love. 115

But

But see my *Daphne's* come, in Green array'd,
The happy *Zephyrs* kiss the beauteous Maid ;

110

Gentle her Smiles, her Eyes benignly bright,
Yet lost on me were all that Ray of Light,
Did not her Modest, her attractive Mien,
Conscious imply the Graces dwell within ;
Benevolence and Truth her Steps attend,
And ev'ry Virtue owns her for a Friend.

B 2

SAITYMA

And say, Alike one's heart is true,
Benevolence and Truth her steps attend,
Conscience imply the Gates dwell within;
Did not her Mother, her auspicious Mien,
Yet lo! on me were all the Ray of Light,
Gentle her smiles, her Eyes benignly bright,
The happy Sorrow, kiss the pensive Maid;
But see my Doves come, in Green array'd,

[10]

A M Y N T A S.

“ *Self-Love thus push’d to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour’s Blessing thine.* ”

POPE.

WHEN Sol one Morn his Rays intensely shed,
With scorching Lustre on the Trav’ler’s Head;

The young *Amyntas* from his early Toil

Was Home returning loaded with his Spoil;

Three Beechen Poles were o’er his Shoulders hung, 5

While in his nervous Hand a Hatchet swung:

With Heat and Labour tir’d, th’ industrious Swain

Hastes on for Shelter o’er the burning Plain.

Behold a Wood, that straight before him lay,

Hither with Ardor he pursues his Way,

10
The

The spreading Oaks their Foliage round him bend,
And Moss-grown Seats an Aid propitious lend;

A rapid Stream meander'd thro' the Grove,
 Where Dryad Nymphs in sultry Dog-Days rove;
 Close by whose Banks an infant Oak uprear'd 15

Its slender Trunk and languishing appear'd,
 Th' impetuous Stream had shook its tender Hold,
 And rudely rob'd it of the nurturing Mold.

Amynias saw, and with a deep fetch'd Sigh

“ Alas! he cried, 'tis pity thou should'st dye, 20

“ Ere yet thy Leaves maturer Beauties shed,

“ Or ere thy Acorns spread this verdant Bed;

“ Forbid it Fate — this Hand shall fence thee round,

“ These Beechen Poles shall guard thy ravag'd Ground;”

Then moisten'd Earth around the Root he spread, 25

And with nice Culture form'd the nursing Bed.

Now pleas'd he view'd his Toil successful prove,

And now prepares to quit the sheltering Grove;

When lo a Voice of soft enchanting Sound

Issues he knows not whence, from Tree or Ground, 30

And

And calls *Amyntas* — He astonish'd stands,
His Hatchet falling from his trembling Hands;
When thus the Syren Dryad of the Oak
(For such She was) in softest Accents spoke:

“ Young Shepherd, gentlest of the rustic Train, 35

“ With whom Compassion never pleads in vain;

“ Say, what Return my willing Hand shall pay

“ For thy Benevolence bestow'd to Day;

“ Speak thy Desire, shall *India's* Wealth be thine?

“ I'll call forth Treasures from *Peruvia's* Mine: 40

“ I know thy Wants, five Ewes thy only Store;

“ Speak, Shepherd, speak — and I exert my Pow'r.

“ My favourite Tree, thy gentle Care relieves,

“ Thy timely Aid revives it's drooping Leaves;

“ With grateful Ardor I attend thy Will, 45

“ Speak but thy Will, and I that Will fulfil.

“ O sacred Nymph, the Shepherd then return'd,

“ For fordid Wealth this Bosom never burn'd;

“ But if thy kind indulgent grateful Care

“ Attends my Will and waits to crown my Pray'r, 50

“ Restore

• Restore *Palemon* to his wonted Health,
 • Friendship like his exceeds All other Wealth;
 • Drooping since Harveſt ev'ry Day he bends:
 • Reſtore, O gentle Nymph! the beſt of Friends.
 The wond'ring Dryad heard the gen'rous Pray'r;
 And made the Shepherds her peculiar Care;
Palemon gladdens in returning Health,
 The good *Amyntas* finds Increaſe of Wealth;
 And as the Gods Benevolence approve,
 They added ev'ry Bleſſing from above.

F I N I S.

